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Mister Malfoy

Chapter 2

Daphne waved her wand in an intricate pattern that immediately cooled off her private room in the Slytherin dungeons. It was getting close to summer and at times, it could get a bit stuffy all the way down in the bowels of the castle.

The gorgeous, black-haired beauty angled her foot so that she could better reach. Capturing a small glob of paint on her small brush, she began painting her toes in the same dark purple that she wore on her fingernails. Sitting on her plush bed while wearing nothing but a tank top and a pair of white, cotton panties, she tried her best to enjoy her Saturday afternoon. These days, it wasn't often that she could find any peace and quiet. Lately, the castle had been a bit of a madhouse ... especially the Slytherin House.

Death Eater trials were still ongoing and many of her contemporaries suddenly found themselves missing certain members of their families. She couldn't count the number of Houses that had their former Heads incarcerated for life. Not only that, but brothers, uncles, cousins ... no one was safe. If you had a Dark Mark, chances were that you were going to spend a long time behind bars. Of course, those families didn't suddenly find themselves without Heads of House. No, Harry Potter was there to fill the void. She smiled and smirked every time that she heard some Slytherin sitting in the Common Room complaining about him taking over their house.

Her family was lucky or rather smart. They were never members of Voldemort's crew, though she suspected that her father may have been a supporter or possibly helping them. She couldn't confirm that though, and so far, the Aurors hadn't come knocking on their doors. Sadly, their family didn't get off scot-free. When the Death Eaters went down, so did her family's finances. And as her family's finances went down, so did their reputation and importance in the elite, Upper-Class society. Losing money was one thing, but losing face amongst her peers was something else altogether. That alone could drastically alter her future after school.

Another reason why this year had been so nuts was because of the silent feud between Potter and Dumbledore. She genuinely smiled when she had heard that Potter had suddenly grown a backbone and stopped allowing the old, Muggle-loving coot to control his life. Daphne knew Dumbledore's type. He wouldn't like losing so much power. Sure enough, Dumbledore spent the better part of a year trying to annoy Potter by using insignificant jabs. Just like when he made Ron Weasley the Head Boy. No one thought that the weasel deserved to be Head Boy, but he was given the post regardless. Of course, that angered a number of students that DID deserve the position. Perhaps Dumbledore didn't realize it, but both he and Weasley made several enemies that wouldn't forget this egregious slight any time soon.

The worst part was that Potter didn't give a shit. Dumbledore kept turning the lives of the student population upside down just to put Potter in his place, and the green-eyed git didn't give two shits! He just smiled and had a great time while staying in his secret room as much as possible. He controlled most of the pureblood houses in Slytherin, so she wouldn't be surprised if the skanky whores of this house were literally bending over backward for him. She knew Malfoy was strutting around like he owned the place.

Malfoy ... that name brought up some emotions. While he was certainly annoying, his stupidity had cooled off a bit since Potter took control of the house. She guessed that it was part of the deal that he had made in order to avoid going to prison. Whatever was happening was certainly working for them. The Malfoys were back at the top of the high society totem pole. She had heard that Narcissa had recently started throwing lavish parties the likes of which had never been seen. The sheer wealth and extravagance that was shown had purebloods drooling to get an invite. Of course, the invitations were extremely hard to come by, and only the most elite in their society received one. This certainly peeved Daphne who used to be considered one of the elite. Had this been a few years ago, the Greengrasses would have been among those at the top of the list. Oh, how times have changed. Even so, she had an idea to get her family back on track. Finishing with her toes, she waved her wand and dried the paint. Putting her stuff away, she grabbed her enchanted hand mirror and called out, "Astoria!"

After a moment, her sister's beautiful face appeared in the mirror. "What is it? I'm about to get ready to go hang out with my friends."

"Come to my room. I need to talk to you," Daphne told her and cut off the mirror before Astoria could retort. A minute later, she walked into Daphne's room without knocking. Daphne patted the bed, "Sit down."

Once she was seated, Daphne went on. "I've been doing some thinking, and I think that it would be best if you hooked up with Malfoy." Seeing the look on her sister's face, she went on. "Look, I know he isn't the most charming of men, but he's been a lot better recently. He hasn't even been hooking up with other girls. He's too busy taking care of Potter's business."

Astoria rolled her eyes. "You think that I haven't already thought of that? I've been racking my brain on ways for us to get back into the good graces of the social elite. This would be the easiest way. Unfortunately, Malfoy told me that he's not allowed," she snorted. "So boo hoo, no parties for you," she teased her sister. She knew of Daphne's love of high-class parties.

Daphne's eyes glared. "What do you mean 'not allowed'?"

"Rumors are that Potter said that he doesn't want any more blonde ferrets running around the country," she told her, smirking a bit. "I know that Draco's had his eyes on me for a while, but Potter is the Head of the Malfoy family now. What he says goes."

"Is that so?" she asked, irritated. "Well ... don't worry about that. I'll go talk to Potter and see if we can come to an agreement."

Astoria raised an eyebrow. "You think that you can change his mind?"

Daphne smirked. "Don't worry. I have my ways."

Mister Malfoy

"Alright, Greengrass. Why did you ask to meet?" Potter asked as he escorted her into his secret room, which he called the Room of Requirement. He sat her down and offered her a cup of hot tea, which she gladly took. She took a sip before she answered.

"I want you to allow Draco to marry my sister," she told him bluntly.

"Oh, really? And why should I do that?" he asked, smiling as he sipped his own tea.

"Isn't it your responsibility as his Liege Lord to make sure that he is happy and well cared for, not to mention reward loyal behavior?" she asked and raised her perfect eyebrow.

"Perhaps," Harry continued to smile. "But Draco has been a pissant for the last six years. I don't think that a few months of decent behavior has canceled out the annoyances that he has heaped upon me." Daphne opened her mouth to retort but was cut off.

"So unless you have something worthwhile to offer me in return, which I know the Greengrasses don't, then this conversation is over," he told her in no uncertain terms. Daphne blanched at being reminded of her family's place in society for the time being.

She knew that she might have to break out the big guns, so to speak, so she was prepared. She stood up and grabbed the bottom of her blouse with both hands. Quickly, she lifted her shirt off of her body and let her big jugs spill out and bounce around as she tossed her shirt onto the couch. She noticed Potter staring at her glorious tits. She smirked knowing that she now had his full and undivided attention. Daphne had a feeling that her naked breasts and other parts of her body might have to be used as a bargaining chip, and she was prepared. Her breasts were the best feature of her body if she was being honest. If she had a Knut for every time that a boy or girl stared at her lovely bust, then she'd be richer than every pureblood in the country.

"As you can see, Potter," she said, shaking her chest which caused her big, beautiful breasts to swing back and forth. She then grabbed her tits and clapped them together. "I have a great deal to offer."

"Indeed," he replied, licking his lips. "Perhaps I was wrong. Maybe a deal can be worked out between us." Daphne smiled knowing that she had him hooked. She knew that it was a smart choice to go without a bra. She walked up to him and straddled his lap.

"First, I need to try you out," he told her, leaning her back and dropping his head. Daphne gasped when he pinched her hard, pink nipple between his teeth. Looking down, she saw her nipple stretch as he tugged at it. He then opened his mouth, and she watched it snap back into place. He buried his face in her cleavage and began kissing and licking every delicate inch of skin that he could reach. "Mmm," he moaned into her chest.

"It's too bad that I don't own your house as well," he told her, his hand moving up her slim and toned belly and cupping her big tit. He gave it a squeeze before tickling her nipple tip. The sensation made Daphne's pussy clench. "I'd be fucking you and your sister at every opportunity," he admitted while his lips latched onto her other nipple. Daphne gasped at his frankness. She had no doubt that his words were true. In truth, there were probably worse things than getting fucked daily by a handsome, young man. With one hand around her bare back keeping her in position, his other hand left her breast and flipped up her skirt. As his eyes traveled to her groin, Daphne closed her legs unconsciously. He was having none of that, however. His hand quickly pried open her legs, and her damp g-string was exposed to his eyes.

"I can already smell you, Love," he whispered into her ear before he started sucking on her earlobe. Daphne shuddered from his words and the sensation while she kept her eyes on his hand that just grabbed the crotch of her panties. Tugging them aside, he exposed her puffy, pink pussy lips and hard clit to the warm air.

"Potter," she gasped quietly as one of his fingers slid up and down the length of her wet slit. It slid all the way up until it brushed over her hard clit. Her back immediately arched from the intense pleasure. Suddenly being hoisted up caused her to squeak in surprise. She was bridal carried over to his massive bed and gently placed down. Daphne laid there while he stripped himself of his clothing. She couldn't help but keep her eyes trained to his groin. His trousers were tenting something fierce, and when he pulled them and his boxers down at the same time, she gasped audibly at what she saw. Potter chuckled at her reaction. He grabbed his cock and began stroking it.

"Every inch of this monster is going inside of you, Love," he teased as he let it go. She watched it bounce and gulped in slight fear. It looked as if that thing would tear her pussy apart. Now nude, he then moved on to her. He pulled off her shoes and socks, exposing her freshly painted toes. Her back bowed, and she moaned when he tickled the sole of her dainty foot. Sadly, he quickly moved onto her skirt. Unzipping it, he pulled it off of her and tossed it away. Wearing only her wet panties, her legs were forced together and lifted up into the air. "Keep them like that," he ordered. Holding her legs in place, she let him do whatever he wanted.

She could feel her g-string buried in between her plump and hairless pussy lips. It must have been an incredible sight for him. Suddenly, his hands were on her thighs as he buried his face in her pussy. She heard him inhale deeply, and she blushed madly.

"You smell good," he moaned as her panties were peeled off of her wet pussy. As they unstuck from her soaking wet groin, they moved up her legs until they were pulled off of her feet. Out of nowhere, she was lifted up and spun around until she was laying on top of him with his massive erection right in her face. "Lick it like a good, little whore," he told her, his voice vibrating against her quivering pussy. She blanched at his crude words but got to work nonetheless.

She wrapped her hand around his girth and pulled it to her lips. Kissing his shaft, she heard him moan into her pussy which built her confidence. Adding her tongue, she started licking him from the base, all the way up to the head. Holding her tongue against the underside of the tip, she wiggled it around and felt him squirm in pleasure.

"That's really good," he groaned. "I think I'll give you a reward. A Slytherin like you should appreciate this."

She didn't know what he was talking about until his tongue touched her asshole. Daphne's eyes widened considerably. She had never let a boy anywhere near that hole. She was a proper pureblood princess. She had never allowed herself to be sullied in such a way. She had just opened her mouth to tell him off when she heard hissing. A whorish moan left her mouth instead as his tongue rapidly vibrated against her naughty hole, sending sparks of magic into her tender and delicate skin. The magic from his parseltongue was creating pleasure like she had never felt.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" she squealed as she nuzzled his fat cock with her face. "Merlin, help me!" she cried out as her asshole puckered like mad. Her pussy was fluttering as she was lifted up and held in a standing sixty-nine. The blood was rushing to her head as her throat was penetrated by his fat cock. She choked and gagged as his hips started thrusting, and he fucked her face harder and harder. She couldn't even cry out in pleasure when he shoved his vibrating tongue directly into her asshole. Her body was thrashing around, but he still held on tightly. Drool was dripping onto her face as she slurped on his raging erection.

Suddenly, Daphne cried in panic as she was flying through the air. Thankfully, she hit the soft bed and bounced up. She was just trying to scoot away from the horny beasts when he hit her with some kind of spell. Immediately, her muscles loosened, and her body felt strange.

"What did you do to me, Potter?" she gasped, breathing heavily. He grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her to him.

"Just a spell to make you more flexible," he told her while he lifted her legs up and hooked her ankles behind her head. Another spell and she found that she couldn't unstuck her legs. Her feet were trapped behind her head and there was nothing that she could do! Her body was folded so severely that her pussy and asshole were pointed directly at her face. She could see her pussy puckering as his massive cock flopped down onto it, making a wet smacking sound.

“Potter!” she cried out. “How dare ...” she started to reprimand him but was cut off when he pushed his thick, bulbous head into her waiting cunt. She was so wet that sliding into her incredibly tight pussy was very easy. All she could do was watch as her poor, little pussy was obscenely stretched to accommodate his size. When he pushed all of the way in, a perverse squelching sound filled her ears. When he pulled back, she could see her pussy lips desperately trying to keep him in. They stretched before snapping back into place. As he pushed in again, his thumb started rubbing circles on her hard and aching clit. Daphne was shivering and breathing wildly as she shook and tried to get out of this position. It was too perverse for a girl like her! Potter was an animal though.

He was holding onto her body for dear life while fucking her harder than she had ever been. Her wet pussy was making noises that she had never heard before as it fluttered and contracted around his enormous girth. She suddenly felt something. It felt like something in her lower belly was filling.

“Potter! I need to ...” was all she could say when he pulled out of her and slapped her wet and naked cunt. The impact of his abuse made lights flash in the back of her eyes as she screamed loudly. A jet of girl cum sprayed right out of her pussy and hit her directly in the face. Daphne choked and sputtered as she got a mouthful of her own juices. Potter shoved his meat right back in and fucked her even harder. Another cry left her mouth, and he pulled out again. Another jet of girl juice sprayed her in the face. The brute laughed at her as her pussy was contracting and trying to milk the cock that was now absent from its depths.

Daphne was a twisted mess. Her hair was a disaster and there was pussy juice covering her entire top half. She stared blankly at the wall while trying to come down from such an orgasm. She snapped back into reality when she felt something poking at her dirty hole.

“Oh!” she grunted when his lubed-up tip was pushed past her puckered barrier.

“Jesus, you’re tight, Daph!” Harry moaned as he gently sawed his hips back and forth, burying himself a little deeper each time. “Is this the first time you’ve done anal?” he asked her bluntly. His thumb was still slipping back and forth over her wet clit, sending sparks of pleasure into her still cumming pussy.

“Y-yes!” she gasped out as his cock was now halfway in. He pulled back until only the head was in and pushed all the way in with a single thrust. Daphne squealed and squirted everywhere. With every thrust, her pussy shot more cum at her face.

“It’s like I’m pumping water straight from your dirty, little cunt!” Harry laughed out loud as he pistoned right back in. Again, another spray of juice hit her in the face as her cheeks burned red. She wanted to tell him to fuck off, but couldn’t make anything other than a slutty squeal leave her lips. Conjuring a huge dildo, he shoved it down her sloppy cunt to give it something to milk. Harry threw his head back and groaned. “Here it comes, Daph! Want it in your asshole?” he asked as he pushed all the way in.

"Not in there!" she squeaked, not wanting to be used like a filthy, two-Galleon whore.

"No prob!" he cheered as he pulled out and left her asshole gaping. She realized her mistake a moment later when he went ass to mouth on her. Shoving his dirty cock into her mouth, she was forced to guzzle his cum down as he brutally fucked her face.

'This jackass better give me what I want after this!' she thought to herself as she glared at him and drank his cum.

Mister Malfoy

Narcissa's huge party during Spring Break was a big hit with the purebloods. Astoria looked happy while sitting by Draco, and her parents looked incredibly pleased just from being invited. Of course, they had Daphne to thank for that. She was seated by Harry, whose hand was on the inside of her thigh underneath the table. It had just moved up her leg, and he began rubbing her panty-covered pussy when Draco picked up his crystal wine glass and used a silver spoon to tap on it and get everyone's attention. All eyes turned to him.

"Thank you for your attention!" he declared. "I want all of you to be the first to know that I've proposed to Astoria and will marry her ... with my Lord's permission, of course."

All eyes turned to Harry who stood up to address the crowd. "I believe that it will be the perfect union of families. You have my blessing!" Everyone in the crowd clapped and gave their best wishes. "Now ... as is tradition, every new union receives a magical beast as a dowry from the Head of House. I thought something to send you on your honeymoon in style would be appropriate," he said and clapped twice. The crowd ooh'ed and ahh'ed as a team of snow-white horses pulling a golden chariot landed on the massive balcony.

Later That Night

"It's time to pay off your family's debts, Love," he teased Daphne as her head was resting on Narcissa's hip. The older blonde was lying on her side with her legs pressed tightly together. She was moaning in a way that Daphne would have never believed. Narcissa was the epitome of elegance and grace, and here she was moaning for more as Potter sullied her perfect, little asshole with his giant horsecock. Daphne's body was spasming out of control from the first five orgasms that she had experienced earlier that night. Suddenly, Narcissa's back arched, and she squealed uncontrollably. Harry groaned loudly as Narcissa's asshole clamped down on him tightly. He placed his hand on the back of Daphne's head and pulled out of Cissy's freshly-fucked ass. As his lube-slickened cock touched her lips, Daphne opened up and let him stick it in her mouth. She wrapped her lips around the massive shaft and massaged it with her tongue while she bobbed her head and sucked him clean. Pulling out of her mouth, he shoved it into Narcissa's contracting pussy and pulled it back out. She saw that it was dripping with her juices.

Dutifully, she opened her mouth and took it down her throat like a good girl. It seemed that he was ready for more pussy, because he quickly pulled out and flipped her onto her back.

“Help me out, Cissy!” he ordered the cumming woman as he pried Daphne’s gorgeous legs open and slapped his cock against her sensitive pussy. Daphne shuddered and whined at the harsh treatment. Narcissa crawled on top of Daphne into the sixty-nine position. Having little choice, she started licking and sucking on the older woman’s lovely pussy.

Narcissa took the head of his cock into her mouth and sucked on it like a lollipop while tickling underneath the tip with her tongue. Harry threaded his fingers through her hair and pushed in. He groaned as his cock slipped down her throat. She gagged once before he pulled out. His cock was now covered in her saliva, and he used it as lubrication to fuck Daphne’s tight asshole. Narcissa watched him stick it in her ass before she dipped her head and began licking and sucking on the younger girl’s clit. She moaned when Daphne’s tongue moved from her delicate lips to her puckered asshole. The smell of Daphne’s arousal was surrounding her when Harry suddenly pulled out of her ass and shoved it in her pussy. All Narcissa could hear was the wet squelching sounds of a sloppy pussy being fucked and the moans of the pussy’s owner. Harry suddenly pulled out and started stroking his beast of a cock. Narcissa watched as strings of cum sprayed out of the tip and coated Daphne’s silky-smooth mound and lower belly. Already knowing what he wanted, she began lapping up the cum while it was still warm. Once she was done cleaning her body, she moved onto his cock and cleaned it along with his bloated sack.

Not even close to being done with them, he moved them around until Narcissa was on her back and Daphne was on top of her, face to face. He pushed Daphne’s head down until they started kissing. She had just begun sucking on Narcissa’s talented tongue when Potter told Cissy to spread her open. Narcissa’s hands grabbed each of her cheeks and spread them open, exposing her to the world. Potter then buried his face into her pussy and ass and began licking any hole that he could reach. Her pussy was tingling wildly, and she began to cum again.

Harry stood up and made the girls get to their knees. With his cock sticking straight out, he had them get on each side of him and press their lips and tongues to each side of his shaft. Once done, he slowly started thrusting his hips, fucking their mouths as their tongues lapped at his veiny shaft. Stopping his movement, the girls kept going and sliding their mouths along him until Daphne moved to the head and started sucking him off. Narcissa grabbed his hanging sack in her hand and massaged it while she moved to the back of him. He felt the older woman press her tongue to his asshole and rim him while her newest “apprentice” bobbed her head like a pro. This went on until Potter got tired of it and grabbed Daphne behind the knees and hoisted her up. With her back pressed to his chest, he spread her legs wide and told Cissy to help him stick it in her ass. Being the helpful sort, Cissy did just that. With her legs wide open, her tits bounced and flopped around, and she cried out for more while Potter brutally fucked her sore asshole. Narcissa dropped to her knees and started tonguing her wet slit and clit until Daphne’s toes curled and her back arched. Screaming out, her pussy sprayed Narcissa directly into her mouth and as she reared back in surprise, Daphne drenched her entire front half.

Daphne couldn't really tell you what was going on. At some point, she was forced to lick her own ejaculate from Narcissa's dripping wet tits while Potter switched between her pussy and ass on a whim. As she nearly blacked out from cumming again, she figured that there were certainly worse ways to work yourself to the top of the leaderboard.